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Official paper of Clatsop County and the City of Astoria.

WEATHER.

Western Oregon and Washington—Rain.

THAT FIVE-DAY HOLIDAY!

We do not question the expediency of Governor Chamberlain's proclamation declaring a five-day holiday for the banks of Oregon, since it was petitioned for by the representative bankers of the city of Portland; but we do feel morally certain that there is no critical condition of affairs in this state that warrants actual apprehension, that the move was made more to safeguard the present solid status than to meet any untoward exigency that is really upon us. It is an extraordinary proceeding and appears quite justifiable upon either hypothesis named.

As to Astoria banks, it is held here, universally, that they are in impregnable shape, just as they have been for years, and perfectly able to weather any sort of stress. They are known to have a million and a half of ready money in their vaults at this writing, or practically fifty per cent of their liabilities; and are each and all in sound and wholesome shape. It is also known that the gubernatorial order has not interfered in the remotest manner with the markets nor the shipping of staple products from here and that the banks have sanctioned the continuance of all commercial engagements and will cover the situation as it relates to this important element of business, despite the 120-hour closing manifesto.

Even if conditions were threatening or perilous, the popular feeling in this city is absolutely certain of the integrity and safety of the banks of Astoria. The history of 1892-3, when but one failure was recorded here and that covered-in at 85 per cent of outstanding liabilities has never been forgotten, and serves well as a predicate upon which to found the public confidence now, when there is infinitely less to create doubt or fear.

We believe that when the banks over the state shall open on next Monday morning for business, the last and least reason for this unusual procedure will have vanished, and the situation will have so cleared itself of ambiguity as to emphasize the most cheerful opinions held here, and elsewhere, in regard to it.

A MALIGNANT VENGEANCE.

Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States, has achieved the bitter hatred of the high financial pirates of the country by his policies of regulation, exposure and public accounting for their illegal methods, and if any man thinks this class of people forget, forego, or fail of their vengeance in such cases, he reckons without his host. They are powerful, adroit, malignant, conscienceless and obdurate in the pursuit of an enemy; and only the masterful candor and courage of the President has saved him thus far from open and violent attack. It has been recognized, even in the predatory camp, that what he has done against the crooked wealth of the country has been done in the name and behalf of the people, and not for effect or time-serving; and it was unsafe and manifestly dangerous to attack him as less true and forceful men might have overtaken.

But they will crucify him in the very sight of the people, at last, unless the people rally to him and his doctrines with the insuperable and logical power that is theirs and theirs alone. There is already a huge financial conspiracy afoot to blast him and his program, if a thousand banks and millions of people are ruined in the play of the dreadful scheme, and it will be wrought in the coming year and at the polls, unless the monstrous job shall be recognized and the peril of the moment shall compel Mr. Roosevelt to enter the lists to save the nation he stands for. In which event he will be sent back to the national executorship by a vote unparalleled in the history of Republican institutions. Perhaps it will be better thus, for then the back of the vast financial machine will have been broken once for all, and the way opened up for the formation, and investiture, of the new and

safer measures of popular government that are essential phases of the Rooseveltian prospectus.

THE GOOD OLD RAIN.

After a magnificent season here which has contributed immensely to the business and reputation of the city and section, we are in the midst of our first good old rain. It has fallen softly, yet copiously, and has done and will do an infinite amount of good. It will replenish the springs and streams and amplify the sources and powers of these indispensable agencies, from one end of the county to the other; it will fill the reservoirs of the people everywhere with public and private supply and ward off all chance of meagerness in this direction; it will purge the atmosphere and make it the more breathable, and cleanse the pores of old Mother Earth and revivify her for the generous mead of a newer season; it will bring out the water-bound logs from a thousand camps and waterways and energize hundreds of industries incident to their release; but more than all else by way of good, will it add tone and vigor to the general health of the people wherever it falls.

The rains of Oregon and the northwest may be voluminous and long in their falling, but they are of tremendous value and cannot be spared at any time nor in any sense. They are indispensable and welcome and propitious, and all who know well their marvelous influences for good, are glad to see them once again.

FATAL ACCIDENT.

Stage Overturns Killing One Man and Injuring Others.

ROSEBURG, Oct. 29.—One of the most appalling accidents to be recorded in the history of the Roseburg-Coos Bay stage lines occurred at about seven o'clock last Saturday evening near Sheep Ranch, a stage station about seven miles east of Camas Valley on the Marshfield road, when the four horses hitched to the heavy Fento stage conveyance became frightened and ran away, carrying its load of human freight at a rapid rate for some distance when the rig, horses and occupants were dashed over a steep embankment, landing in the river below, resulting in the killing of one man almost instantly while the remainder of those aboard suffered minor bruises and cuts. Three of the horses were killed outright and the fourth was so badly maimed that it had to be shot soon after.

The ill-fated stage left this city as usual at about nine o'clock last Saturday morning, having aboard four passengers, a few mail sacks and the driver. After considerable investigation the list is found to comprise J. F. Quirk, of San Francisco; E. W. Page, of Westhope, North Dakota; I. P. Baldwin, residence unknown and the unfortunate man, T. N. Morehouse, registered at the Hotel McCallen October 22 as a resident of San Francisco.

T. N. Morehouse who met his death in the accident was a member of the commercial Travelling Association. He was traveling for an eastern crockery firm through this state.

A "HUMAN BUG."

Wm. F. Ramshauer, of New York City, who calls himself "The Human Bug," entertained a great part of Cincinnati and the inhabitants of the Kentucky hills with an acrobatic performance on a flag pole recently. Ramshauer stood on his head, balanced himself on his feet, swung himself like a flag and sat cross-legged like a Turk, reading a newspaper, on the gilded ball that surmounted the 30-foot staff on the ninety-story building. Crowds gathered on the down town streets and on the hills on the other side of the river and watched the steeplejack work.

All the while the pole swayed, but the "Human Bug" wasn't nervous. It was the first time he wasn't nervous for a week. He says he is always nervous when he is down on the ground, and is at his ease near the clouds. Ramshauer smokes cigarette, which are supposed to make people shaky.

JURY NOT SECURED.

SPOKANE, Wash., Oct. 29.—A special to the Chronicle from Rathdrum, Idaho, says: The second trial of Steve Adams, the member of the Western Federation of Miners who is charged with the murder of Fred Tyler, a settler, was taken up in the District Court this morning before Judge W. W. Woods. Little progress was made in the work of securing the jury.

Henry E. Jones of Tampa, Fla., writes: "I can thank God for my present health, due to Foley's Kidney Cure. I tried doctors and all kinds of kidney cures, but nothing done me much good till I took Foley's Kidney Cure. Four bottles cured me, and I have no more pain in my back and shoulders. I am 62 years old and suffered long, but thanks to Foley's Kidney Cure I am well and can walk and enjoy myself. It is a pleasure to recommend it to those needing a kidney medicine."

Do you know that Pinesalve Carbolicized acts like a poultice in drawing out inflammation and poison? It is anti-septic. For cuts, burns, eczema, cracked hands it is immediate relief. Sold by Frank Hart's Drug Store.

Love Behind The Counter.

(Original.)

The poet says, "All things are thine, O Death!" This is equally true of love-making. If a man is bent on telling a girl he loves her, there is no earthly power to stop him. The field of battle is not too noisy, nor is the churchyard too quiet. On land and on sea, at noon, at twilight, in the ballroom and in the death chamber lovers have wooed and will continue to woo so long as the human race is on the earth.

Johnny Bounce was a clerk in a department store in a large city. He sold goods from the men's underwear counter, which adjoined the department of ladies' hosiery. Johnny's place was on the right of the underwear, and on the left of the ladies' hosiery stood Lucie Crowfutt, a dainty blond, who from the moment she had taken her place there and had brought her robin's egg eyes to bear upon him had melted a way with them straight into the underwear clerk's heart. They had found opportunity to speak scattered sentences or fragments of sentences on bright days when the store was full of customers and to chat continuously on rainy days when the store was deserted, but in this chat there was no word of love. Love had been looked, but not spoken. Nevertheless, after several weeks of propinquity, the two young hearts had become welded.

Then came a new man at the glove counter, directly opposite the men's underwear and ladies' hosiery. He was Byronic in his appearance, especially his collar, which, if it was not cut in Byronic collar fashion, was equally ample. A mass of raven curls were tossed up on the top of his head, one of them falling down upon his forehead, nearly touching a hook nose. He had hardly taken his place before the floorwalker was obliged to admonish him to attend to his customers and keep his eyes off the little girl at the counter opposite.

Johnny Bounce was panic stricken. No woman is insensible to admiration, and the blue eyed beauty from the moment the clerk at the glove counter cast his flashing black eyes upon her threw up her hands—not in token of surrender, but to make sure her hair was properly adjusted. Johnny saw the admiring glance and its effect. He cursed himself for a fool that he had not secured the prize while there was no one at the glove counter except two commonplace middle aged men and an old maid. Now it might be too late. Not a moment was to be lost.

The morning was beautiful. The windows were full of spring goods. The wax ladies donned in the habiliments of the opening season seemed to smile more contentedly than usual. But this has nothing to do with an artistic setting for this romance, for

within the store was crowded and, the weather being mild, overheated. Johnny Bounce's cheek glowed not only with the temperature of the building, but with anxiety. He was keeping one eye on some union suits he was showing to a customer, the other on the flashing eyed man opposite. The customer, not finding what he wanted, moved on. A lady to whom Miss Crowfutt had been showing stockings moved on at the same time. Johnny determined to seize the opportunity.

"Miss Crowfutt," he began, "do you know that it seems a very short time since you came into the place beside me, but it isn't. It's a month. That's long enough for me to find out a secret. I've found out—Blankets, sir? Sixth floor. Take the elevator. I've found out that if I don't—Woodenware? Basement. If I don't—I mean if you don't—Men's underwear? Right here. What size, sir? Thirty-two waist is too large for twenty-eight length. Undershirt thirty-four? Think you'll find thirty-six more satisfactory. No, the goods don't shrink, but thirty-six will be easier. Don't like the quality? They're all wool, sir. We haven't a better line in the house. Sorry I can't suit you. You'll find bath robes in the back of the store, four aisles that way."

As the man moved off a lady approached Miss Crowfutt's counter, and it was half an hour before the two were again free. Then Johnny sidled up to Lucy. This time he spoke from the heart.

"I'm nearly crazy."

"What's the matter with you? You'll find lace curtains over on that side, madam."

"That fellow opposite is rubbering you."

"Pshaw! Do you think I'd look at him? What size, madam? Lisle thread? We have—very fine articles. You'll find the advertised goods over there, sir. That'll fit you. Openwork? We haven't any of these in openwork."

The customer passed on and was succeeded by another. This time Miss Crowfutt made a sale, but the lady turned away for a moment to speak to a friend. Johnny whispered:

"Lucy, I love you awful. If you don't love me I'll go mad. Tell me, quick, before she turns. Will you?"

"Will I what?"

"Will you be my girl and marry me so I can know you belong to me and to nobody else?"

At that moment the lady turned. Lucy whispered the one word "Yes," then, tapping with her pencil on the counter, called:

"Cash!"

Poor children! They never dreamed that of the two final words spoken on that occasion, so important to both of them, the former would in time be relegated to the background, while the latter would thrust itself forward, confronting them every day of their lives. They had struck the keynote of love before and after marriage.

HOPE HOPKINS.

WOMEN IN HOSPITALS

Experiences of Mrs. Rockwood and Miss Tierney



MISS MARGARET TIERNEY

MRS. CHAS. A. ROCKWOOD

A large proportion of the operations performed in our hospitals are upon women and girls for some organic trouble.

Why should this be the case?

Because they have neglected themselves, as every one of these patients in the hospital beds had plenty of warning in those dragging sensations, pains at left or right of abdomen, backaches, nervous exhaustion, inflammation, ulceration, displacements, and other organic weaknesses.

All of these symptoms are indications of an unhealthy condition of the female system and if not heeded the penalty has to be paid by a dangerous operation. When these symptoms manifest themselves, do not drag along until you are obliged to go to the hospital and submit to an operation—but remember that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, has saved hundreds of women from surgical operations.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has cured more cases of feminine ills than any other one remedy. Such letters as the following

are constantly being received by Mrs. Pinkham to prove our claims. Mrs. C. A. Rockwood, teacher of Parliamentary Law, of 88 Free St., Fredonia, N. Y., writes:

"For years I suffered with female trouble. It was decided that an operation was necessary, and although I submitted to a serious operation my sufferings continued, until Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended and it proved a marvelous remedy, so quickly did it restore my health I cannot thank you sufficiently for the good it has done me."

Miss Margaret Tierney, of No. 220 W. 25th Street, New York, writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:— "When only eighteen years of age our physician decided that an operation was necessary to permit of my womanly organs performing their natural functions. My mother objected and being urged by a relative to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did so. I soon improved in health, the proper conditions were established and I am well and strong, thanks to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

No other remedy has such unqualified endorsement as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. No other remedy in the world has such a record of cures of female ills.

Mrs. Pinkham's Standing Invitation to Women

Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to promptly communicate with Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. From the symptoms given, the trouble may be located and the quickest and surest way of recovery advised. Out of her vast volume of experience in treating female ills Mrs. Pinkham probably has the very knowledge that may help your case. Her advice is free and always helpful.

Ask Mrs. Pinkham's Advice—A Woman Best Understands a Woman's Ills.

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